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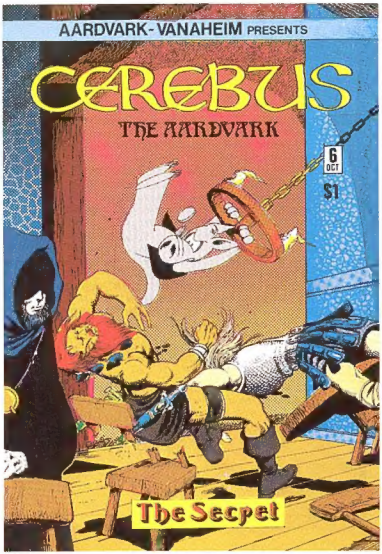
CEREBUS

bi-weekly



reprinting Cerebus number six (1978) in its entirety

February 10, 1989

CEREBUS
bi-weekly
February 10, 1989

CIRCULATION
22,000

DAVE SIM
President

KAREN McKIEL
Administrator

published by Aardvark-Vanaheim, Box 1674, Stn. C., Kitchener, Ontario N2G 4R2

The inside front cover of Cerebus 1 to 70 featured a 'Note from the Publisher' written by Deni Loubert. Dave Sim and Deni Loubert were married from October 6, 1978 to August 20, 1983. Deni Loubert currently resides in Long Beach, California and is the owner and publisher of Renegade Press, 2705 East 7th St., Long Beach, CA., 90804.

CEREBUS

This issue I've got so much to tell you that it's hard to know where to begin.

For starters, in August Dave and I went to a comics convention in Toronto. We had the surprise of our lives, for we found out that CEREBUS has quite a following. By the time we came home Dave had writer's cramp from signing autographs. He was so happy that I doubt his feet hit the ground for a week. We had so many people coming up and telling us about CEREBUS, what he eats and drinks, how he thinks - it was great! I even had someone come up to me and ask me if I'd be interested in publishing a comic book of his work. Even tho I had to say no, it was a great compliment. To be recognized as a publisher is something important to me. I'd like to say thanks to every one who came by our table and I hope to see you again at the next convention!

The other big announcement this issue is a more personal one. Dave and I are GETTING MARRIED!! In fact, by the time that this issue goes to print, we will be married. This issue is special to me in that the ending is my wedding present from Dave. No joke!! It's different and when you read it I think you'll understand.

One last bit of news. CEREBUS has been doing quite well, sales wise (keep your fingers crossed, though), and if the present growing trend continues we're planning on expanding at Aardvark-Vanaheim Press next year. Maybe sooner if our finances will allow it. What this will mean is a new title to be coming out as soon as we can afford to print it and fill enough orders. We are also going to be putting out a newsletter with a six-page story (CEREBUS, of course) and info to keep you up to date on what's happening here at A-V Press. This is, of course, if enough people are interested in seeing this sort of thing. So if you'd like to see this, drop us a postcard with your name and address and we'll start compiling a mailing list. We are thinking of making it $2 for a five issue subscription. (Don't send money now. We need to get enough orders before we can start on this thing.) And if you buy through a dealer, let him know that you are interested. We can't expand without you.

End of lecture. I'll keep you posted each issue how things progress. I think it's time we got around to the important stuff.....like reading this issue of CEREBUS. Right?

Denise Loubert

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The introduction below was written for **Swords of Cerebus**, six volumes of which were published reprinting Cerebus 1 to 25. It was written in 1981.

CEREBUS No. 6 (October-November, 1978)

So I felt really guilty after No. 5 started getting reaction and I was in the situation of resolving to do better in the future.

I didn't have the ending in mind until I was a fair bit of the way through the issue. I knew it would go over big. There's no bigger closet sentimentalist in the world than a comic book fan. You have to sneak up on them, but they cry buckets if you catch them off-guard.

The relationship between Turg and E'lass was one that I enjoyed quite a bit. You see, I used to be short in high school. We're talking s-h-o-r-t, people -- Lollipop Guild, knee-high to a grasshopper. When you are shorter than everyone else, you think a certain way. You become a smart-ass. You cut them off at the knee-caps verbally. When you are short, tall people seem incredibly stupid. Their arms are too long. They say "uh" a lot. They can never hold still while they talk. They grin at you like Great Danes standing on their hind legs, begging you with their eyes to not make them feel so...so... TALL!

But that was high school. Since then, I've grown to a towering 5'10". It all happened within four months of dropping out of school -- I think they were stifling more than my creativity. The strangest thing happens when I'm around those of the diminutive persuasion (like a certain Marvel inker featured in this issue who shall be nameless). I become incredibly slow-witted. My arms seem to grow longer and heavier and sway when I walk. I say "uh" a lot. I shift from one leg to the other.

Maybe it's just me, but I find relationships beteen tall and short people tend to follow this pattern.

Old prejudices die hard, though. I notice rereading the story that the characters are competent in direct proportion to their relative size.

Turg is obviously run by E'lass. E'lass does his best to stay on top of the situation, to adapt to changing circumstances and improvise new solutions to sudden problems.

His mistake is in not being the shortest person in the book.

Even drugged and preoccupied, Cerebus manages to make a shambles of his best laid plans (when it comes to mice and men, my money's on the mice). He is more than a match for Turg and the Borealan mercenary.

Other prejudices die even harder.

Remember a few paragraphs ago when I was in high school?

There is one memory of high school that stands out in my mind. Girls. Take a look at the last panel on page six. This is a picture of me in high school (it's also a picture of me in public and senior public school, but we won't go into that). I spent all of high school doing exciting things like this: I would watch a girl in class. I would watch her between classes. I would watch her eat her lunch. I would watch her put her coat on. I would follow her home (darting from bush to bush of course). I would sit across the street and watch her house. I would look up her phone number and memorize it (just in case I felt like dialing the first four numbers and hanging up).

Jaka is the personification of all of those long distance romances. I never indicated to any of these girls that I liked sitting across the street watching their houses. In my heart of hearts, of course, I knew that if I just worked up the courage to talk to them, that they would fall madly in love with me and we would live happily ever after. Of course, I also knew in my heart of hearts that I had actually been born on a distant planet circling a red sun and was rocketed to earth as an infant, only to pass through a cloud of gold kryptonite which wiped out my superhuman powers (My parents would never own up to it, but I think it was just to keep from hurting my feelings).

I can remember trying to come up with the ending for a few days. I knew that Cerebus would have to snap out of it eventually (I couldn't picture Cerebus fans reading twenty issues of Cerebus sitting across the street from Jaka's house). It was at that point that I realized the essence of the problem. I had been thinking of Cerebus' point of view of the situation, but I hadn't stopped to consider how Jaka was reacting to *him*.

But you don't want to hear about that, do you?

You don't care about how I came up with the story, or how I came up with the ending. Do you? No!

You want to know when Jaka is coming back. You want to know what she's been doing all this time. You want to know if Cerebus remembers her or not. You want to know in which issue the wedding takes place. You want to know what kind of flowers they're going to have. There are probably a few people out there who bought this book in the hopes that this introduction would reveal the whole ball of wax so you could sleep easier tonight.

You badger me about her in your letters, you hound me unmercifully at conventions. The phone rings in the middle of the night and it's some tormented soul whispering "When? When?"

Well, let this be a warning to you.

Lay off, or I'll drop her out of a tall building.

TURG THE UNRULY-TALL BELIEVES WE HAVE LOST THE CURLY-HAIR, E'LASS! ...
NO!-- LOOK!
HE'S DYING -- BUT THERE'S SOMEONE WITH HIM
YOU WANT TURG SHOULD ...
NO! WE HAVEN'T SEEN THE STRANGER YET! WE HAVE TO MAKE SURE HE'S NOT...
... BIGGER THAN YOU ARE +-
RIGHT, TURG -- ASK THE LITTLE FELLOW IF THE CURLY-HAIR TOLD HIM ANYTHING...
CAREFUL, THOUGH! HE LOOKS KIND OF FRAGILE...
WE'LL NEED TWO PACK HORSES FOR THE GOLD... FOOD FOR TWO WEEKS UM...
THUMP
CRAK
WHUMP
SHOVELS, PICKS...
HUH?

TARIM! IT NEVER FAILS -- TWO HOURS IN ANY OF THESE ACCURSED CITIES
AND SOME FARMER WITH MORE MUSCLE THAN BRAINS COMES FLYING AT ME...
MOTHER!
EH...
EXCUSE ME?
DOES THIS OXEN-BREATHED GLOB BELONG TO YOU, WIMP?
IN A MANNER OF SPEAKING -- I...EH TOLD HIM TO ASK YOU TO JOIN US FOR A DRINK...!
I'LL DEAL WITH YOU LATER, IDIOT!
IT WOULD APPEAR HE GOT TOO CARRIED AWAY OR...SOMETHING.
IF YOU WILL GRAB A LEG, THOUGH...
CEREBUS' SUSPICIONS ARE AROUSED
BUT ARE VERY QUICKLY REPRESSED BY HIS ENORMOUS THIRST....

THIS IS ONE OF THE BEST TAVERNS IN IEST!
THEG STILL DOES NOT UNDERSTAND WHY WE ARE DRINKING WITH THE KILLER WHO-LOOKS-LIKE-A-BUNNY
OF COURSE THE MAIN ATTRACTION IS JAKA...
CERBERUS HAS NO INTEREST IN SUCH FOOLISHNESS.
EXCELLANT!
AH! OUR ALES HAVE ARRIVED!
NOW MY LITTLE GRAY FRIEND-- LET'S SEE IF YOUR MIND CAN BE CHANGED ABOUT JAKA!
THREE OF THOSE PILLS SHOULD MAKE YOU A LITTLE MORE SUGGESTABLE!
AND JAKA SHOULD MAKE AS GOOD A TEST AS ANY!

MOMENTS LATER...
CEREBUS CAN'T REMEMMER WHEN HE HAS ENJOYED AN ALE SO MUCH!
I REALLY THINK YOU SHOULD WATCH THE SHOW... JAKA IS SAID TO BE THE MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMAN EAST OF THE SOFIA...
HER HAIR IS LIKE WHITE SILK ... HER MOVEMENTS ARE CAT-LIKE
SHE IS ... SHE IS...
CEREBUS?
SIGH
TURG! IT WORKED -- IT WORKED! HE'S IN MY COMMAND!--
OUH! HAHAHA
HE'LL TELL US WHERE THE GOLD IS, TURG! HAHAHAHA

COME ALONG, CEREBUS -- WE'RE GOING OUT FOR A LITTLE ...!
...CHAT?
HE'S GONE!
TURG! HE'S GONE! OUR ONE-WAY TICKET TO A KING'S RANSOM IN GOLD IS GONE! WHERE, TURG? WHERE COULD HE HAVE...
unh?
OH TARIM, NO! ...

CEREBUS! COME ON! WE HAVE TO TALK ABOUT SOMETHING!
YOU CAN STOP WATCHING THE SHOW! WE HAVE TO...
HMPH!
MY... GOD
ARE YOU OKAY, E'LASS?
NEVER MIND-- WE NEED SOMEONE TO TALK TO CEREBUS-- GET HIM TO COME WITH US
DUH-- YES! WE NEED SOMEONE ...TO... TALK... T...*
AWW-- NO, E'LASS-- PLEASE! TURG IS STILL SORE FROM HIS LAST TALK WITH THE KILLER-WHO-LOOKS-LIKE-A-BUNNY...
STOP SNIVELLING! HE JUST CAUGHT YOU OFF-GUARD LAST TIME...

MEANWHILE...
ehm
YOU WISH SOMETHING, SHORT GREY ONE?
uhm... uh uh-uh uhh...
YOU WILL HAVE TO SPEAK LOUDER -- JAKA CANNOT HEAR YOU
IF YOU WISHED, CEREBUS WOULD KILL YOU A YAK FOR YOUR SUPPER
JAKA THINKS YOU ARE CUTE!...
SMAK!

JAKA DANCES AGAIN IN ONE HOUR - - YOU WILL STAY, NO?
BUT, E'LASS HE WON'T WANT...
E'LASS LOOK!
TARIM'S TEETH AND TOOTHPICKS!
TCHENG, TREBU AND LOH! OR I'M A BOREALAN!
W- WHAT DOES IT MEAN, E'LASS?
IT MEANS THE BROTHERS OF THE BLACK SUN ARE BETTER AT TRACKING THAN I THOUGHT!

THEY'LL KILL US IF THEY GET HALF A CHANCE, TURG!
I HAVE TO GET CEREBUS TO LEAVE WITH US...
AND THIS TIME I WON'T TAKE NO FOR AN ANSWER
LOOK-- YOU'RE ONLY THREE-FEET-TALL! I'M FIVE-FOOT-EIGHT! REASON WILL TELL YOU THAT IT WILL DO YOU NO GOOD TO RESIST ME --SO LET ME JUST TAKE YOUR ARM LIKE THIS AND WE CAN GET OUT OF...
TOK
I AM MOVED TO ASK, FRIEND JUST PRIOR TO REARRANGING YOUR FACE...
WHY DID YOU SMASH MY ALE MUG?
SMA
CRU

HELP ME TURG!
YOU CAN PRAY TO ALL THE STRANGE GODS YOU WANT, BUT...
WHUMP!
WHEN A FIGHT STARTS, YOU SHOULD HIT PEOPLE WITH CHAIRS FIRST...
AND ASK QUESTIONS LATER!
OOOO
JAKA?
TURG IS NO STRANGE GOD!
PEOPLE WHO ARE HIT WITH CHAIRS SHOULD HAVE THE GOOD MANNERS TO FALL DOWN!
STRIKE A BLOW FOR BORSALA, BROTHER!
DONE, BROTHER!
EXCUSE ME-- DO YOU KNOW WHERE I COULD FIND JAKA?
JAKA? THAT WHORE?! WHAT DO YOU WANT WITH HER, EH, MIDGET?

SAY-- WHAT'S GOING ON OVER THERE?
LOOKS LIKE A HERD OF GREY TEDDY-BEARS ARE BEATING UP ON THAT BORSALAN MERCENARY.
THUMP THUMP THUMP THUMP THUMP
THUMP THUMP THUMP THUMP THUMP
LIKE I SAID.. I THINK YOU'LL MAKE A CUTE COUPLE.
THAT MUST HURT.
AYE-- I DON'T THINK I'VE EVER SEEN ANYONE SWALLOW HIS OWN ARM UP TO THE ELBOW!

TIME IS RUNNING OUT, TJARG..
BUT WE HAVE ONE MORE WAY TO GET TO CEREBUS
GOOD DAY, DEAR JAKA--WE MEET AGAIN!
WE KNOW HE TOLD CEREBUS WHERE THE TREASURE IS HIDDEN IN THE TEMPLE.... WE NEED YOU TO FIND THAT OUT!
WE WILL PAY YOU TEN GOLD PIECES, NOW...
..AND CUT YOU IN FOR A PERCENTAGE OF THE TREASURE
AND IF JAKA SHOULD DECLINE YOUR "OFFER," ELASS?
THEN, JAKA I WILL HAVE TO PREVAIL UPON TJARG TO MAKE SURE YOU NEVER DANCE AGAIN!

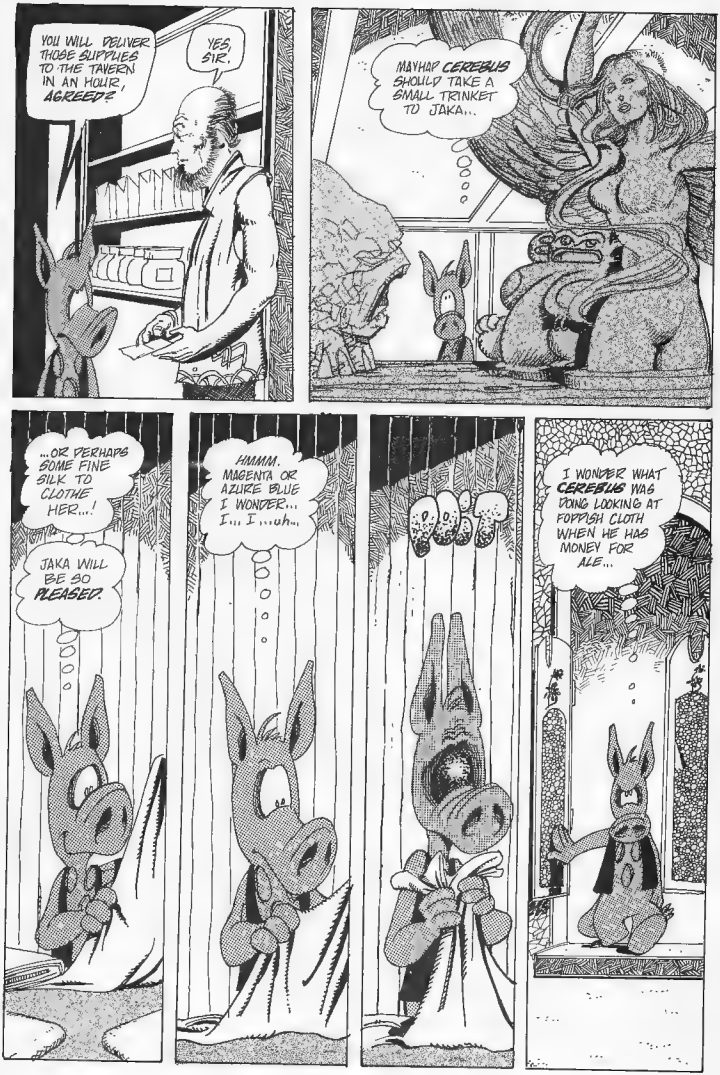
JAKA ASKED YOU TO STAY BEHIND SO WE COULD...TALK.
CEREBUS LOVES THE LITTLE FRECKLE ON YOUR ELBOW.
I WANT-- I WANT YOU TO TELL ME WHERE... THE MAN YOU--
I'D LOVE TO LICK APRICOT BRANDY OUT OF YOUR NAVEL...
LOOK, CEREBUS-- JAKA HAS TO TELL YOU.... SOMETHING
IF CEREBUS HAD A NAVEL WOULD YOU LICK APRICOT BRANDY OUT OF IT?
OOOOOOOOOH
YOU DON'T LIKE APRICOT BRANDY?
THEY SAID THEY WOULD KILL JAKA IF...IF SHE DIDN'T STOP HELP THEM.
WHO-SAID-THEY-WOULD-KILL-JAKA?

JAKA WILL DO IT.' --I ONCE GOT HER TO MAKE A PRIEST BREAK A TEN-YEAR VOW OF SILENCE HA HA HA
DUH-- HAHA
KICK
AH! CEREBUS! WE WERE JUST TALKING ABOUT THE...
THOK
CRAK
SMAT
JAM
JAM
JAM
TOK
AND THAT'S ONLY A SAMPLE OF WHAT YOU'LL GET IF YOU THREATEN JAKA AGAIN!
E'LASSZ
SHUT UP AND HELP ME PRY MY FINGERS OUT OF MY NOSE.

..AND THEY HAD SAID THE GOLD WAS IN THE "TEMPLE OF THE BLACK SUN."
TEMPLE OF THE BLACK SUN -- THAT'S NOT FAR FROM HERE
WITH THE MESSAGE I BOT FROM THE DYING MAN...
I NOW KNOW WHERE THE GOLD IS...!
CERE BUS HAS JUST HAD AN IDEA!
WE CAN GET THE GOLD! YOU AND I, JAKA -- IF IT'S THE REAL BLACK SUN TREASURE, YOU AND I CAN BE RICH! RICH BEYOND OUR WILDEST DREAMS!

WE CAN SEE THE WALL OF TSI, GMINA -- THE TCAPMAIN KINGDOMS
BUT, IT MEANS YOU'LL HAVE TO STOP DANCING...
NO -- YOU CAN DANCE FOR ME!
I'LL BUY YOU A HOUSE!
AND JEWELS! I'LL BUY YOU A TON!
NO! TWO TONS!!
ALL THIS -- MORE -- WILL BE YOURS, JAKA... YOU JUST HAVE TO AGREE TO COME WITH ME... GOLD, JEWELS, TRAVEL...
YOU DON'T HAVE TO BRIBE JAKA, CEREBUS -- JAKA WANTS TO GO WITH YOU...
CEREBUS HASN'T BEEN THIS HAPPY SINCE HE BEHEADED HIS FIRST BOREALAN...

WE HAVE TO GET TO HIM, TURG. THOSE DILLS WILL BE WEARING OFF VERY SOON.
HE THINKS HE'S BEATEN US, TURG! HAHAHA!
DUH-- HAHAHA
LITTLE DOES HE SUSPECT THAT, EVEN NOW I'M WORKING ON AN INFALLIBLE MASTER PLAN! HE'LL FIND E'LASS CAN TAKE A PUNCH AND BOUNCE RIGHT....
TURG THINKS YOU SHOULD REST.
NONSENSE. WE HAVE BUSINESS TO DO.
WE'LL TRY BLUFFING HIM!


YOU WILL DELIVER THOSE SUPPLIES TO THE TAVERN IN AN HOUR, AGREED?
YES, SIR.
MAYHAP CEREBUS SHOULD TAKE A SMALL TRINKET TO JAKA...
...OR PERHAPS SOME FINE SILK TO CLOTHE HER...!
JAKA WILL BE SO PLEASED.
HMMM. MAGENTA OR AZURE BLUE I WONDER... I... I...uh...
I WONDER WHAT CEREBUS WAS DOING LOOKING AT FOPPISH CLOTH WHEN HE HAS MONEY FOR ALE...

PERHAPS YOU SHOULD WAIT UNTIL YOUR NECK IS STRONG ENOUGH TO SUPPORT YOUR HEAD, E'LASS!
I'LL BE FINE TURG! I JUST NEED YOU TO GUIDE ME...
JAKA HAS MOVED TO ONE OF THESE ROOMS! CERBERUS IS PROBABLY WITH HER!
I'LL TRY THE FIRST ONE...
GOOD LUCK, E'LASS.
I KNOW YOU'RE IN THERE!
I FINALLY TRACKED YOU TO THIS...
OH.
BEAT ME UP CAREFULLY, WOULD YOU?
I HAVEN'T BEEN WELL LATELY.

TARIM! I MUST HAVE BEEN DRUNK-- I REMEMBER COMING HERE...
BUT I DON'T REMEMBER LEAVING...
DOUBTLESS THE ALE WAS SOUR! CEREBUS WILL SAVE HIS GOLD FOR ANOTHER TAVERN!
DAMN THESE CITIES--- CEREBUS NEVER KNOWS WHAT AWAITS HIM AROUND ANY CORNER
CEREBUS! YOU'RE BACK!
JAKA WAS GETTING WORRIED!
CEREBUS KNOWS NO JAKA-- STAND ASIDE, WENCH!
CEREBUS! WHAT OF THE WALL OF ISI, SMINA -- THE TSADMIN KINGDOMS?
WELL? WHAT OF THEM?

YOU REALLY DON'T... REMEMBER! I CAN TELL...
SOMETHING HAS..... HAPPENED ...TO YOU!
I'D LIKE YOU TO HAVE THIS.
EH? A BOTTLE OF APRICOT BRANDY? WHY WOULD....
SOME DAY -- SOME DAY, SWEET CEREBUS, YOU WILL REMEMBER WHY... AND YOU WILL RETURN.
AND JAKA WILL WAIT FOR THAT DAY, BELOVED. ...
EVEN IF IT TAKES THE REST OF HER LIFE!

CEREBUS
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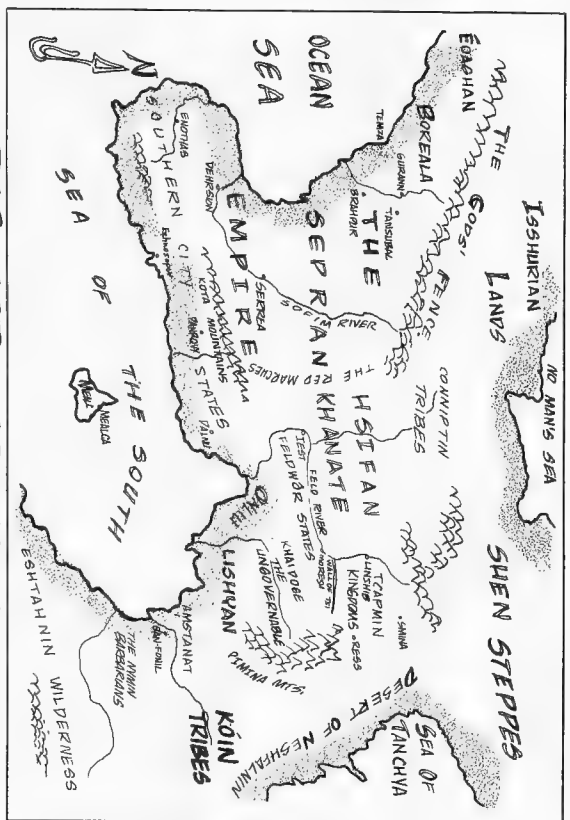
Map
of the
Aardvarkian Age

The map of Cerebus' world was designed by Michael Loubert (Deni's brother) who created all the place names as well. It appeared in Cerebus No. 3 through No. 10.



DESIGNED BY MICHAEL LOUBERT

CEREBUS bi-weekly

February 10, 1989

This is the original letters page to Cerebus No. 6

AARDVARK COMMENT

KITCHENER-ONTARIO N2G 1W5

Dear Dave,

I thought Cerebus the Aardvark was great and thoroughly enjoyed the ELROD sequence, particularly the bit with the black blade.

My only complaint — and it's hardly that — is that the Elrod drawn derives from no description of mine, but from Barry Smith who used Jack Gaughan's Elric covers for Lancer as a model. Jack Gaughan's ideas were all his own and did not follow my descriptions at all.

Interesting to see a third generation version.

Thanks for Cerebus. I look forward to issue 7!

Very Best,
Michael Moorcock
London, England

Longtime fans of sword and sorcery need no introduction to Michael Moorcock, creator of Elric. His comments are much appreciated and help to tide one through long hours at the drawing board.

Dear Dave, Deni and Cerebus:

Finally I write! I took No. 5 from the convention on Saturday and read it through again, and then a few more times. Then I read the first four again. There's not much to add to what we've already talked about so much personally, but, for publication, here are three thoughts.

1: The first issue was probably the best thing I'd seen up to then for an amateur or private publication (ie. not DC, Marvel, etc.) and every issue since has been an improvement in some way on that excellence.

2: I think that now, with five issues past, you have developed just the right feel for the mood of this comic. It is sufficiently serious for a Sword-and-Sorcery genre entry, with a little more insight into Cerebus' character, and past, with each issue, and just the right amount of tongue-in-cheek humour. (Also the occasional out right slapstick, but then, it is a comic book...)

3: After the powers-that-be have seen your worth, and you've moved on to the fame and fortune with the big leagues that is so rightly yours, please, PLEASE keep on putting out Cerebus. (Maybe you don't want "fame and fortune with the big leagues" so maybe someday Aardvark Vanaheim will be the big league, and you won't have to join some other company to move up in the world.)

Deni, your comments at the front are a very special part of Cerebus; keep them coming too. It's not every artist who has a live-in publisher to give him support, of whatever type needed, and your words at the front reflect this good fortune.

John Anderson,
202 Mackenzie St.,
P.O. Box 711,
Alliston, Ontario

John Anderson has the distinction of being the first Cerebus fan. Ever since we debuted Cerebus at a one day Toronto convention in late 1977 with the only printed copy of the first issue, John has been the bane and the boon of Cerebus' existence. The bane because he invariably picks out the parts of the stories that I, myself, am unhappy with and the boon because no page that has been laboured over until it is perfect is ever wasted on him. He usually buys the original. If anyone is interested in what pages of Cerebus are favourites of mine, he has only to check John's collection of original artwork. Most of them are there.

Dear Aardvark:

I picked up Cerebus No. 4 at the Bookstore today and loved it. As a fledgling artist myself, I enjoy seeing other people do professional work, such as yourselves and turn it into serous stuff. Terrific! I hope Aardvark continues forever, as you've got a great idea and the talent to back it up.

David R. Wooten
808 Arbor Road,
Winston-Salem, N.C.
27104

Reader Wooten will be happy to learn that No. 4's Elrod the Albino (without doubt the most popular character besides Cerebus in the first five issues) returns next issue.

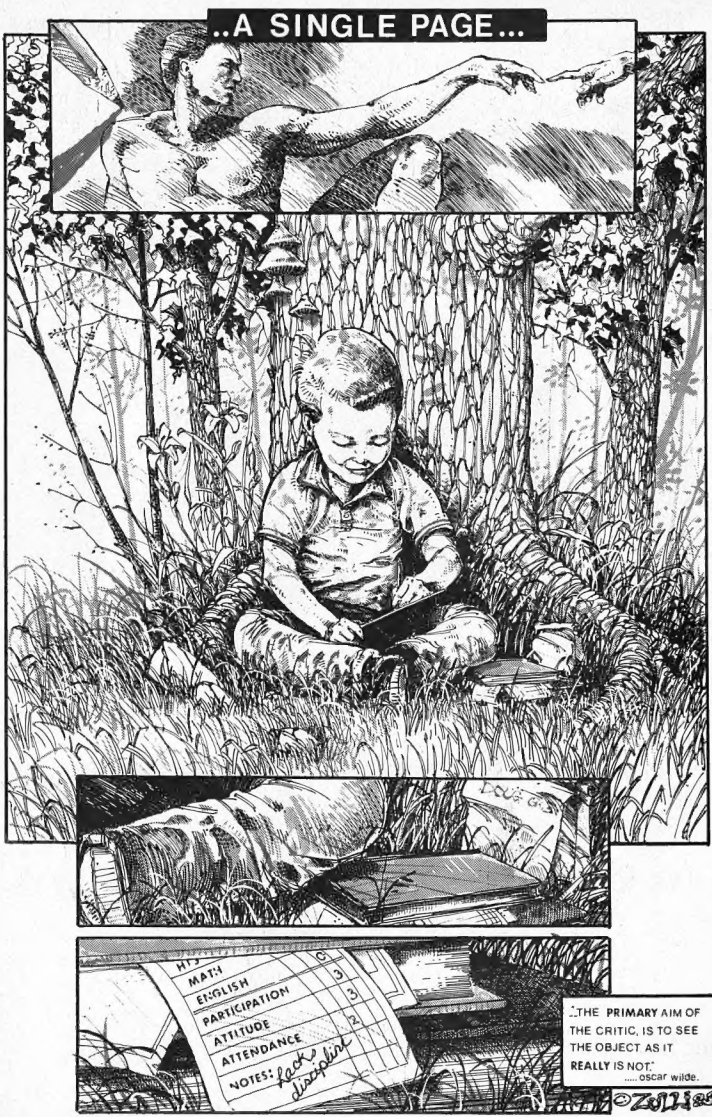
NOTES

The production of a bi-monthly comic book, as I have discovered in these last twelve months, is an arduous process. Deni and I have suffered through countless crises, big and small, each of which has, at various times, threatened to terminate the Earth-pig's existence. Through all of this, the disappointments, the late hours, deadlines, packing, mailing, nail-biting, etcetera, it has been primarily the readers of Cerebus and a few close friends who have helped me through. Contrary to what is evidently a popular myth, one does not get rich producing a comic book. Producing a comic book and seeing it through its first year of life is one of the best ways to get UN-rich. I don't feel I'm revealing any deep trade secrets by revealing this. My plans for Cerebus have always been long-term ones, and as I type this, fully one year after a very cautious and pessimistic editorial in the first issue, a number of these plans are coming to fruition. I encourage you now, as I did then, to let us know what you like and dislike in Cerebus — to suggest future directions and perhaps remind me of directions from early issues that haven't been followed.

As a means of helping me through the next few months of expansion for Cerebus, I am also taking this opportunity to offer original artwork from these first six issues to the readers of Cerebus. A number of pages (including the complete issue No. 4 — sorry about that Elrod fans) have already been sold, so I encourage you, if interested, to send for your favourite pages, but to also list alternates. Naturally the pages will be mailed in secure no-bending packages. The cost per page is twenty dollars. Sorry the covers are not for sale.

Thanks again to all those who bought this issue of CEREBUS and especially those who keep coming back for more.

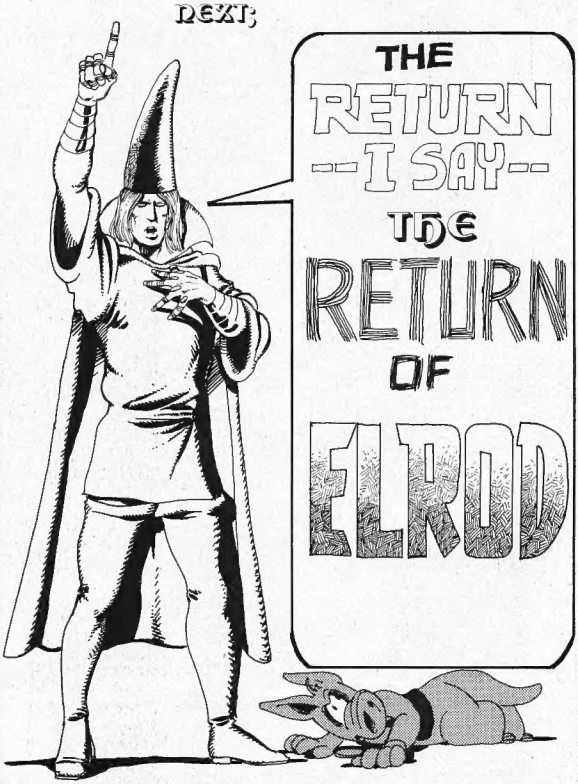
And just so they know how much they've helped, I'd like to thank Phil Seuling, Deni, Michael Loubert (who helped me plot this issue), Harry Kramer, John Biernat, Jim Friel, Frank Thorne, Mike Friedrich, Gene Day and Sally. You all make a difficult job a little bit less so.


..A SINGLE PAGE...
MATH
ENGLISH
PARTICIPATION
ATTITUDE
ATTENDANCE
NOTES: lacks discipline
3
3
2
"THE PRIMARY AIM OF THE CRITIC, IS TO SEE THE OBJECT AS IT REALLY IS NOT."
..... oscar wilde.

CEREBUS
bi-weekly
February 10, 1989

INSIDE BACK COVER
of
Cerebus No. 6
(1978)

This preview page appeared as the Inside Back Cover of Cerebus No. 6



the original back cover to cerebus number six

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